Thursday 8th Oct 1931

I've to go to Redmell
Thank God, tomorrow
till Sunday

My word, what a kind woman you are to
send a wire at that hour of the morning!
Well, well — I shall want your whole
considered opinion some time. This is
only a scrawl, as I'm off to bed, but
must thank you, having been much
cheered by your inspection. Extravagant
ways — (Shall this comes out of the
saved bacon rashers)

V.

Sunday Oct 11. 1931

No, no my dear Ethel, it was only a jaded phrase of mine — "tell me what you think" I almost crossed it out, but was too pressed & bothered. Don't for sorrows sake add this to your other worries. We'll talk slowly one day perhaps — in six months or so: not now. I'm perfectly content. We had 2 days of complete happiness at Rodmell — O it lovely, so calm; I have just come back to letters innumerable — endless interruptions so no more — V.

I don't for a moment suppose that I shall be able today Oct 13. 1931
anything whatever about the wireless — not for some time anyhow.

Oh but I didn't mean I didn't want your criticism (of course I do.) only that I thought you were worrying yourself when you had a million distractions to give it. Oh yes, any criticism — every criticism. I'm tremendously interested.

How odd this is — so far most of the highbrow reviewers (whom you I expect) find the Waves perfectly simple: & this selling beyond all my other books! Now why!

But I shall see you in the distance tomorrow. This is only a forerunner —

I'm incredibly pleased & flattered & how about music, your way I shall enjoy.

V.

52 T.S. 19th Oct 1931

Oh yes; I have several times thought I was going to sit down & write a long long letter on a vast variety of subjects about the Wreckers; but then the bell rings, or something intervenes. Moreover, I don't suppose my readers are anywhere close enough to sense about music to count. But it did laugh that day yesterday, running about London, in taxis & so on, I was singing the 2nd act - How Jo'd have laughed, at the mess I was making: but what a good time; & I wanted it to flare into flower again: Part, as the late Mrs Pankhurst was it, used to say,

'Enough'. I'll describe the Wreckers to you some day by word of mouth. I've very little to offer by way of 'stealing' time this week, God help me: I've to be Redhill on Friday; not a in Thursday I have an old friend, dejected, down trodden, faithful, from Cheltenham – but she'll have spent her confidences by 5.15 or 5.30 – so if you'd come then, anyhow we could carry on a general conversation. She – a Miss Snowdon – has one of those provincial illusions about you & the glamour of your life, so that to see you in the tailor made & fur would give her a whole Chaucer to talk about during the long week-nights when they sit – she & her 3 sisters – mournfully thinking what life to Ethel Smyth must be – Odea

Rota 2.4.13

2

Oct 19 1931

I hadn't meant to take another hour, which I shant have time to finish, as we're going to the Courtauld Concert, I dont know why.

No, I rather think the Waves are starting a rock; I want to many more journeys to there. But I'm so thankful to be free of them, I dont mind it. I never hear a word of them again. Yes, I should like to discuss them with you, however; for a fleeting moment, having some dread of your insight. Nessa is enthusiastic, which relieves me immensely — I unreflectedly. Did I say, I must wash, being all covered with curious ink-stains: so

F

NYPL

I shall expect you about 5.15 is it on Thursday.
And I must go at 7 to hear L. broadcast.

His book is out — the work of 10 years; a a masterpiece, a the
learned say. a I think it's probably
true.

But L. a modest man, never to have told you about it?

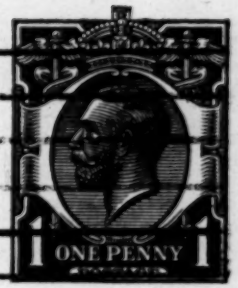
Yes, a I married him.

Here he is.

Rec'd 2.VI.63

Oct 9
1931

POST CARD



Dame Ethel Smyth
Cwrt
Woking

NYPL

Rota 2. 4.63

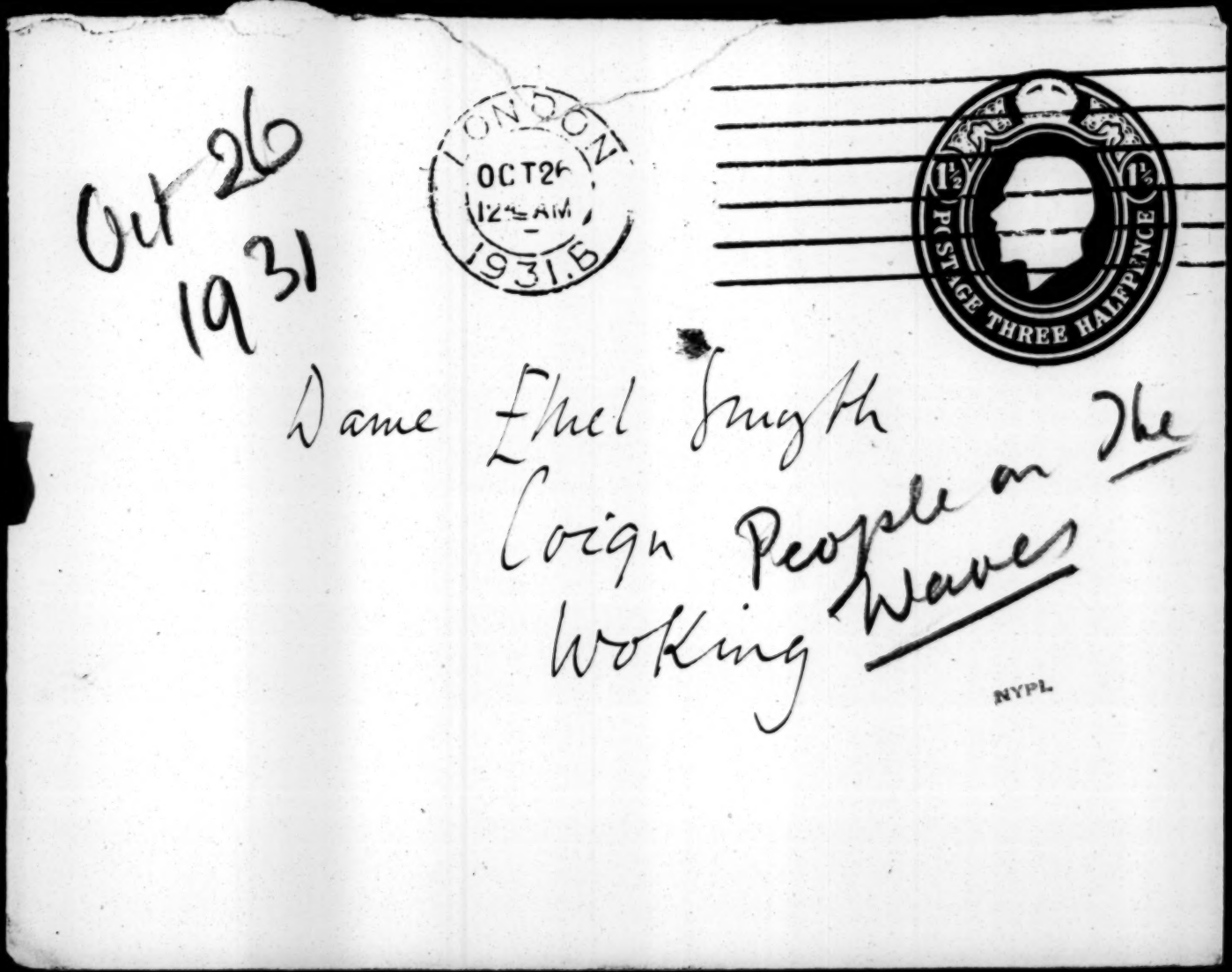
Is it possibly this?—

"This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of ailments & griefs complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy." G. B. Shaw. Preface to Man & Superman

52 T.S. Sunday night. Oct 25 1931

Forgive this typing, but I'm in such a rush, coming back to find a mass of week end rubbish , that unless I write in type you couldnt read my scrawl. No, I dont see any chance of Wednesday or of any day this week, God help me. I'm awfully tempted by Maurice and supper and rehearsal, but as I'm go ing out Tuesay night, and Thursday night (my mother in laws birthday feast) and we have poeple here Friday night, let alone I dont know how many odds and ends and one day at Cambridge electioneering --Leonard will say, ~~damn~~ you not Wednnesday night too. And I'm out to tea, Wednesday. And though you were angelic to the Cheltenham lady, still its a waste, always shouting across three heads. So we must wait for calmer times, if they ever come. About the Waves--your letter I mean, which Ive only read once, but will gain. I think you have said exactly what I expected you to say, with your usual vigour. Thats the effect I thought it would have on you. only I'm surprised that it makes so much impression. Different as we are-- O lord how different--didnt I feel that at the Wreckers-- I'm amazed that we can even see so far eye to eye as that this book should have any power to make you read it. (I write clutching at words) But of course you dont solve what for me remains a troublesome problem at the moment, since every one must write me their views or speak them-- I mean, what The Waves is. Here, by this

Just found this earlier and not this
a have people here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